

TWEED'S TRIBULATIONS.

The Legal Leaders Pulling In Their Seines.

Granting of the Order for the Arrest of the "Boss."

EXCITEMENT IN THE PUBLIC OFFICES.

How the Laborers, Loungers and Others Talk.

The "Boss" To Be Arrested To-Day.

THE DEPARTMENTS YESTERDAY.

The Injunction on Tweed's Department.

Haggerty and Baugh To Be Indicted To-Day.

"Say, is not arrested, d'ye know?"

"Why, Bill Tweed. Didn't you read the news-

papers to-day?" Why, he's to be arrested to-day.

"Who, not you neither."

"I'm a fellow ye'll see in all the papers. You kin

bet your bottom dollar on it."

"Why, what'll they arrest him for? They can't

do it just yet."

"Now, I don't know nothing about what they kin

do, but I see Charley O'Connor is a doing it, and you

kin bet he's got it straight whatever is in it. What-

ever he goes off in this here affair he is goin' to do

right. I don't understand, perhaps, but I'll bet he

does, and they ain't going to catch him in no snap on

the law, you know."

Such was a portion of a conversation which oc-

curred yesterday in the basement hallways of the

New Court House, near the Sheriff's office. It may

be taken as a sample of a dozen other conversa-

tions which took place during the day around the

Hall and Court House, in relation to the arrest

of Mr. Tweed, who was to have occurred yester-

day, but did not. The complaint and application

for the order of arrest it is known were entered and

made at Albany, and this fact seemed to puzzle

many of the small politicians. They could not see

why the case, if there be any grounds for a case,

would not and would not be tried in this city. The

lawyers could explain it, and as they never do any-

thing without a fee in hand before they move they

could not be expected to tell the

truth and whereabouts

about the "sides" and "fore-sides" until they had

secured their handsome retainers, not even for the

sake of "reform" and the tempting offer of a chance

to run for a Supreme Court judgeship. It was

mated, however, by a gentleman who should know

that the case was brought in equity, with the people

of the State of New York as plaintiffs, and that the

action could just as well have been commenced in

Albany as in Albany.

A crowd who stood listening to this observa-

tion remarked that it might be appropriate to have

brought the action in Buffalo, as it was much

nearer to

THE GREAT FALL.

Wherever the matter was discussed and it was

looked on in all manner of ways. Of course when

the order of arrest should arrive from Albany it

would at once be placed in the Sheriff's hands for

execution and by him be served on Mr. Tweed, who

would be obliged to provide two sureties in twice

the amount now set. Crowds hung around

THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE

nearly all day, expecting, it would seem, that the

Sheriff would go over, forcibly arrest Mr. Tweed

and convey him to the Court House or Ludlow Street

Jail, holding him, à la "cop," by the coat collar.

The expectation on that "day" were, of course,

fairly disappointed, but they traversed the hall and

postulane and round in the Court House with most

commendable patience. Inside the office there were

but few signs of business or briskness in anything.

Branch Marshal Burns, of the Fifth ward, sat

in the railing enclosing his desk, chatting

with a friend and gazed from Haddon to Cummins

and back to Gibney. They amused themselves

chatting or reading or making mental calculations

as to what they might be catching on trumps if

business was good. It was not good, "as," to use

the words of one, "there is nothing else in the

on the amount called for the men near the middle

and end of the line jibed about the "Boss's arrest."

"Say, Mike," said one, "who'll put up the

money for us next time, at Tweed's locked up?"

"Mike—Why Green'll do it, I suppose."

No. 1—Not he. Is id him? 'Tis Black his name

should be. Noah indade; he'll not do that, ye can

bate.

"Mike—Oh, I guess yes. Election '11 be over

before that, and I'm thinking that as soon as the

election is of we can have our money regular. I

hear there's plenty money in the bank, but that

Green—in there (shaking his fist toward the

Comptroller's office), he is doing this for to try and

make Tammany Hall equal. I know that it, but

they can't do it. I'll then bow, damn em."

No. 2—You're excited, Mike. 'Flot good

'il that do? Fair an' they goes fast in the day. Is it

true there's money in the bank?"

"Mike—Yes, it is; I am sure of it. Ain't they

collecting money the last two or three weeks,

day and night? and he ain't giving any of it away,

but trying to get Tweed into trouble and let us

starte.

AT THE COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE

the ordinary quietude was disturbed by the entry of

a number of inspectors, "water police," contractors

and others who wanted money. On behalf of the

contractors Mr. Thomas Pierson asked when the

Comptroller would be ready to pay them. He was

entitled to \$14,000, and a warrant for \$20,000 had

been signed and in the department for several

months past.

Mr. Green never lost his placidity. He assured

the gentlemen that the contract were being exam-

ined into and the ordinance calling for the work

looked up, that he would call a meeting of the Board

for the revision and correction of assessments and

have the matter attended to promptly as possible.

To the inspectors and others who called he was

"BEARING ABOUT THE MATTER?"

and would answer as soon as possible.

In the Supervisors' rooms there was more than

the usual appearance of nothing going on. The

Clerk's office was in possession of a King, who

walked up and down beneath the tinted frescos,

examined the massive thermometer and showed

himself to be like Lear—"Every inch a King."

THE JOINT HIGH COMMITTEE

were to have had a meeting and show up what they

had unearthed. Supervisor Dimond, Chairman of

the Joint High, was absent, however, on account of

severe indisposition; so the meeting was called for

this afternoon at two o'clock.

THE ORDER OF ARREST GRANTED.

The following despatch was received at a late

hour yesterday afternoon:—

ALBANY, Oct. 26, 1871.

Justice learned has issued an order for the arrest

of William M. Tweed. Proceedings were had in the

Chambers, and a warrant was issued for his arrest.

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"THE MAN WHO LAUGHS."

Boss Tweed as Little Jack Horner.

Wall Street Financiers on the Mollie of the Un-

terfied—"The Silent Partner's" Enemies—

How Bill Tweed's Appearance at Sing

Sing Will Make the Bulls Bel-

low and the Bears Roar.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner

Eating his Christmas pie.

He stuck in his thumb and pulled out a plum.

And cried, "What a very good boy am I?"

We have all been so drilled in the faith of St.

Tammany and made so familiar with the catechism

of the clique which insist on the miraculous wis-

dom of the round "Boss" of the Ring, that the an-

nouncement in yesterday's papers that he was ar-

rested caused general surprise. It was thought that

William M. Tweed, was so far above and beyond

everybody that a single error from him was suf-

ficient to annihilate a persistent and inquiring

taxpayer. He was the little Jack Horner in the

panopline of Manhattan politics, and gloried in

his power to extract plums from the treasury when-

ever he pleased. Indeed, so well did he stick in his

thumb that a host of his imitators set about

extracting a morsel for him.

The indignation and grief of the "peelers" for

the Boss this morning on learning that the Jack

Horner of the Ring would probably be denied the

pleasure of dipping into the Christmas pie this day

caused profound gloom. Not a rumour of the thou-

sands who have fastened on the taxpayers of the

city but asked himself and his fellow shoulder-

belters yesterday, "is our civilization a failure or

the plug-ugly played out?" The Mahomet of the

faithful, the Nonresistant of unadorned city de-

mocracy to be arrested! It was too much! Bill

Tweed, the "Man Who Laughs," or who was wont

to snigger at every attempt to make him let go of

the people's money bags or permit a fair election—

the benevolent and illustrious Senator, to be com-

pelled to laugh at the wrong side of his mouth and

say,

"THE ATES HAVE IT."

was declared on all sides to be an action on the part

of Providence and the citizens entirely "uncon-

ditional and void."

This being the general opinion among what in

Tammany circles is known as "the people," a re-

porter of the HERALD wended his way to Wall street,

and, with an eye to business, frolicked for a

time with the playful bulls and bears who

roar about the Stock and Gold Exchange.

He knew too much to directly approach

a bull or bear; for his information was that many of

those animals were "in" with the far-reaching Boss

in his game of "sing sing sing." He was like

the Italian Chinese, he affects not to understand.

But reticent and observing, he made his way through

the throng, and listened as he went.

A group of men gathered before the Stock Ex-

change just before the second call, and were in high

debate. One lantern-jawed, shrewd operator, whose

voice was heard on every side, and who the reporter

remarked as the reporter was elbowing his way

past, "Tweed to be arrested? not much, indeed. He

won't be arrested for nothing. Why, look here, you

lads! this antagonist in the debate was moving off

in disgust." Look opposite: Martin & Co.—Gould's

crib—

TWEED IS SILENT PARTNER

in that concern; but you \$1,000 he has more to say

than you. Why, he is the incarnation of American progress. (Laughter.) He

can mean more than anybody else. He ought to be

made President (laughter) of the country. Sing

sing sing sing. Democracy is good, no doubt, and repub-

licanism deserves a fair shake; but look here! While

you talk of reform, and of the great law seven

hundred years ago to give us liberty, and of the

arches of Europe. Most gentle Tammany, at-

tend! (Laughter.) You talk of reform, and of the

great law seven hundred years ago to give us lib-

erty, and of the arches of Europe. Most gentle Tam-

many, attend! (Laughter.) You talk of reform, and

of the great law seven hundred years ago to give us

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many, attend! (Laughter.) You talk of reform, and

of the great law seven hundred years ago to give us

MR. SANDS' FINANCIAL NEGOTIATIONS ON

BEHALF OF THE CITY.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26, 1871.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

In reply to the article in the Evening Post of this

date, in relation to the negotiation by myself of the

bonds of the city and county of New York, with

Messrs. Belmont & Co., I beg leave to state that

upon the 10th day of April, 1871, I was requested by

the Comptroller, in the subjoined letter, to take

charge of negotiating the loan of the consolidated

debt of the city and county of New York:—

CITY OF NEW YORK,

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE,

COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, APRIL 10, 1871.

NATHANIEL SANDS, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—Your long and varied experience

in all the great financial questions of the city

and county of New York, and your clear

and able views in financial matters, induces me to

request you to undertake the negotiation and manage-

ment of the loan that will have to be placed for the use of

the city and county of New York, and the first

of which is to be the consolidation of the

consolidated debt of the city and county of New

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